BY M. VICTOR STALET.

Yearn not for the joys of thy once happy child-Though dark be thy life, though clouded thy

Not in the dead past with all its sad memories, But in the bright future true happiness lies. Why sigh for the past when the future will

To those whom you love and for whom you now grieve? End beart, would you give all the blessings of

heaven
For one floeting hour of thy childhood's return?

Those whom you now mourn with such sincers affection. Who long since have passed to their dwelling live in the bright, blessed radiance of

And wait for thy coming with tenderest love. The joys of the past, if we try to recall them, Will bring but a train of sad mem'ries to

Twere better those dead years lay buried for-In the grave which now hides them, O, let

THE LIFE OF A SCOUT.

BY WARE.

But little time for refreshment and rest is given to scouts, especially on the eve of a great battle, or even while in the vicinity of an enemy well known to be largely superior in numbers and equipments.

Couriers ride hastily, night and day,

from the commanding generals to the quarters of generals of corps and divisions. Various changes of position were made by the infantry, under orders from General Bragg; so that an officer of division when asked for his opinion as to our chances for success in the impending bat-

tle, replied: "Unless Generals Morgan and Forrest can arrive in time" (the former was in Kentucky and the latter in West Tennessee) "to strike General Rosecrans' rear, we are whipped!-for our men are already exhausted with marching and countermarching, and are in bad form for meeting the superior force which General Rosecrans

has at hand. The results of the battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River, are matters of history; and our failure to pursue the advantag's won, and the slaughter of the Kentuckians, under the gallant Breckinridge, on the memorable Friday evening-Black Friday-are charged to the debit

side of the proper account.

Therefore "scouts" had but little to answer for on this occasion, as they could only criticise movements, and wish that they had a commander who was not so

ready to run the wrong way. It was not the intention to hold position to the north of Murfreesboro till General Rosecrans retired within the sheltering works around Nashville, but to obey orders -no matter how counter to their judgment or wishes a retrograde movement might be. So we submitted to the inevitable, and joined General Bragg in another "masterly

cetreat. Heartsick and footsore, our troops fell back to Shelbyville, after having punished General Rosecrans too severely to permit of his pressing us while in retreat, Here they found kind, sympathizing

friends, and bands ready to minister to their hurts, as well as to soothe their mortification at being ordered to throw away the fruits of a victory so nearly and so

dearly won. r reachi passed several days having clothing washed and repaired, having horses shod, and in making general preparations for the road. as we well knew that Major Walker would soon have us in the saddle, for he was a man of wonderfully earnest energy.

On the evening of the second day after we reached Shelbyville the Major communicated his designs, and directed that the whole troop be in readiness for an early

But next morning we learned, with deep regret, that Major Walker would be transferred to another department. Officers given. and men were much attached to him for had the highest estimate of his courage and soldierly qualities.

Several of the men preferred to go with thim, but others had ties in old Kentucky which held them away from the sea-coast. Before our complete reorganization we had ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with many of the citizens in and around Shelbyville, and we learned unmis-

takably that there were not a few of these good people whose ideas political did not it was "their move" toward Big Harpeth. accord with our own. But the time for us to move had arrived, and, after taking leave of the Major and

receiving from him an earnest "God bless you, boys," we dashed out of town by the road leading to Columbia. About this time General Joseph Wheeler was promoted to rank as General of Divis-

son, and such officers as Forrest and Morgan were held subordinate to him! Through this means we were near losing the services of General Forrest, who tendered his resignation. The War Department would not accpt his resignation, but

created a new department, and he took his brigade to their new field of operations. General Van Dorn, after capturing the Federal stores at Grand Junction, Humboldt, etc., now arrived and took command of all our cavalry, with headquarters at Spring Hill, about twelve miles from Franklin, Tenn.

and proceeded to work toward Nashville, from the waters of South Harpeth. The position thus occupied was some

mighteen miles in advance of cavalry outposts; but we were subject to little interference, as the Federal cavalry then came no further west than Big Harpeth, seventeen miles from Nashville.

that half a dozen regiments could not have hemmed us in, nor could they have so closely guarded the fords and Big Harpeth as to have prevented close correspondence with our friends in the "City of Rocks."

Within two weeks after entering upon this new field we had established nine regular, reliable channels through which information was received-to say nothing of many other means for obtaining "grapevine" intelligence, which we appeared to and, as they were riding as recklessly as drink in greedily, but to which, in reality, but little heed was given.

One of the most serious obstacles with which we were forced to contend was the early appearance of detachments which were led by officers who were anxious to communicate more directly with friends in Nashville. These officers would obtain authority from superiors to "make a scout;" and, while many of them were in- can't cut our way through and we can't discreet, others cared but little for the turn back, but-darned if I'll surrender in extra amount of trouble, labor and hazard here simposed upon those who were located in that section for regular scout duty.

The result of inroads made by these numerous "spouting parties" was to attract the enemy's attention toward the west, and lead them to guard, not only the turnpike roads leading out of Nashville and crossing Big Harpeth to the west, but to the right, so as to pass to rear of the to watch closely the dirt roads which ran parallel to those turnpikes and crossed the river at intermediate points.

So that, in order to reach the north bank of Big Harpeth, we were compelled to cross it at night by swimming, or by means of a ford which was hidden by dense underbrush, which not unfrequently was

found lining the river banks, or by one

which would lead to the rear of a field of corn. At this early day, however, our superior knowledge of the topography of that region gave us a great advantage, despite the watchfulness and superior numbers of the

We could always manage to get across to the north bank of the river; but here our real, great danger began; for we were not only liable to encounter a force of the enemy, but quite apt to run athwart one of those self-constituted scouts who, ever ready and alert, were likely to act upon uncertainties, and greet any force not easily recognizable with a volley from shotguns oaded with buckshot, to be followed up

with a fusillade from six-shooters. 'Mistakes" were of frequent occurrence, and, while they developed many curious characteristics in the different individuals, and resulted in many a hearty laugh and much quizzing afterward, were at the time of the most serious nature, as they were

attended by great personal peril. Early in February, 1863, a "scout" was ordered to repair to "the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., to strike a point on Hillsboro turnpike." Ten well-mounted men were selected-men who knew their duty, and who were not likely to "lose their heads

We had reached the vicinity of Big Harpeth, near the mouth of Little Harpeth, just opposite Peter Cartwright's farm. ng narrow field of corn lay to the west of Mr. Cartwright's, between his resi-

dence and the north bank of the stream. Along the west side of this corn-field. for its whole length, was a deep pool of water known in the neighborhood as the At the foot of this pool was a ripple,

upon which a fish-dam or trap had been built. Of course this dam served to render still deeper the water above it; while below the water was shallow, but swift in its course over small stones. To cross the stream at this point was no

great feat, and to reach the road running on the east of Mr. C.'s residence and between the Hillsboro and the Granny White turnpikes was easy of accomplishment, and attended by no real danger. We had crossed the stream, passed

through Mr. C.'s cornfield, and proceeded to a point within easy reach of our journey's end, when we were startled by-Halt! Who comes?"

Before time was given for reply, Johnson Vaughn, one of the best scouts in the band, had dismounted, and began to throw down the feace on our left, between the command and the stream, which lay threequarters of a mile to the west of our posi-

"A friend," was replied. "What command?" was asked.

"What do you mean by "halting" people who are in search of a doctor?" was inno-Yes; if you will advance and satisfy us

that you are in 'search of a doctor,' you may proceed on your way," was replied. Well, that's just what we didn't want to do; but we did wish Vaughn would hurry

to down that fence! The order came, "Assist Vaughn, for they will not delay much longer." That's so, Lieutenant, for that's old

Watkins (Colonel of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, Federal), and he ain't going to monkey around here much longer. Federal Commander: "Well, will you advance, or shall I send a squad of men after you? Decide quickly, for I shall not

give you much more time." enough to l Reply: "Well, Colonel, I guess I won't give him go any further after 'a doctor' to-night, but I'll turn back home and wait till morn-

Good-night, Colonel. Colonel: "No, you don't! Halt! Come back here! Fire, men, if he don't halt!" From this it was thought that only one of our men (he in advance) had been seen, though we were well covered up.

But the fence was opened, and each man in the rear, dismounting and leading his horse through the gap (by dismounting, the men were less liable to be seen), and mounting in the cornfield, under cover of the stalks, were all ready for a prompt move before the command to fire was

As the last speaker turned and dashed his uniform kindness and urbanity, and we into the field, a small shower of balls fell around us, cutting the corn stalks, on each side and in our front, with no other result than to make us ply our spurs a little more industriously, until we distanced our pursuers, who were evidently reluctant (as we learned afterward) to leave the Hillsboro

turnpike. Of course the firing had stirred up all "the boys" within its hearing, and produced upon their sensibilities the impression that As we did not know what forces had been posted on the river below our crossing point, and, being unwilling to give any more chances against our escape, the men

were directed to pass through Mrs. Fanny Harding's place, thence to the south of Mr. Cartwright's residence, and across the field, thus to reach the crossing at the foot of the "Locust Hole."

Did any of my readers ever hear dry cornstalks break before a bunch of frightened yearlings?

Those who have may form some idea of the racket produced as we dashed through Mr. Cartwright's cornfield, through which ran the Little Harpeth, and which lay between us and the crossing of Big Harpeth. Approaching the first mentioned stream.

were compelled to "slow up," as its banks were rough and precipitous. And, during our slower progress, we took advantage of the comparative silence to listen Our scouts were soon under his orders and to learn, if possible, whether we were being pursued by the enemy which had stampeded us.

Our alarm was greatly heightened by hearing hoof strokes and the crackling of corn stalks on our right and below the ford on Big Harpeth! Of course, we imagined that the enemy

knew the location of the ford, and were We soon became familiar with the coun- trying to head us off; and we became try, and learned the by-paths so thoroughly forcibly impressed with the idea that we must get there first or be captured. Then the pace, which had been a good

round one, became earnest in the extreme! It was every man for himself and "Davy" catch the hindermost. In order to cross with more facility Little Herpeth, we had deflected from the

true course, so as to describe an are; and it appeared to our heated imaginations that the enemy had taken the cord of the arc; we were, our apprehensions were duly in-

Vaughn, who was riding at the right of the column, exclaimed: "By gravy, Lieutenant, they are outriding us, and the whole regiment is cutting us off from the ford! We will be forced out to the other pike, and find at least a company on daty there. Now we're in a nice pocket, ain't we? We

The situation looked desperate, and only "heroic treatment" would meet the contin-

The enemy was certainly outstripping us, and would lead us to the ford. No time was to be wasted in speculation, so with "Head of column follow leader," we turned enemy and strike the river at a point about two hundred vards below the ford.

At this point the river bank was some five feet above the surface of the water, which lay in a long, deep pool in our front, between us and the safer side of the river. Even under this pressure, Ponier was, as usual, irrepressible, and exclaimed:

"Now, boys, for a bath! We all need it. id won't be any the werse for it, unless a Yankee's bullet perforates the skin and lets

the water run in to drown us!" With but little hesitat on, for there was no delay in making the choice between a ducking and captivity, we plunged spurs into our horses and forced them to leap into the water—their heads held quartering up stream toward the other bank of the

While we were thus engaged the troops at the ford dashed across, and, to our further anxiety, seemed bent upon cutting us off on our approach to the higher ground to the west.

We notice, however, that not more than thirty-five of the enemy continue in the rear; and are encouraged to hope that we may distance some of these, thereby having a more equal show in the rapidly ap-

proaching struggle. Here comes the enemy, approaching us diagonally and rapidly. With pistol in hand, we ply the spur to our steeds, already beginning to feel the strain upon their resources-but fire is withheld until we are at closer quarters, in the hope that we may still further decrease the number of our enemy, seemingly so entered upon inter-

cepting our flight. Our paths in the race have been convergent till now, a slight detour bends one from its course until they become almost parallel and at about fifty yards apart. Thus we dash along, "topping" in the most approved style the logs and other impedi-ments which would have been avoided un-

der ordinary circumstances. The race grows fast and furious, each party riding to the best advantage. Thus far the speed developed has been so nearly equal as to afford no material advantage in position to either party for the last five

Every rider watches to the front, striving to lift his horse at the leaps, and the same time keeps a sharp eye on the movements of the enemy, that no one may bend too much out of his course to get a shot into our ranks from a shorter distance. One thousand vards in our front are the hills, to reach which insures our safety. For they are heavily clad with underbrush, vines, etc., which will furnish us with a cover into which no enemy has yet penetrated. The question remaining unanswered is: Will our horse's stand this pace for a thousand yards?

"The boys" are ordered to close up, and to be ready for a last desperate rush. If we can but "hold our own" for two hundred yards, we will pass in front of our pursuers, for the ground becomes more broken in their immediate front. If they are unacquainted with this fact, and do not swerve from their course, they will be compelled to check their speed, and have the supreme mortification to see the quarry forge ahead, and escape the toils, under cover of the friendly bushes, now but a short quarter in advance.

Ah! the enemy seems inclined to increase the pace, and to close the issue! "Boys, look at that fellow pushing His horse has got the heels of ours, and the rider seems determined to

"Well, if he must have it, let him stop a load of buckshot!" "Let but one man fire." "See how the fellow rides!" "Let him come close enough to make a sure shot.' 'I would like to catch his horse, if it is not badly wounded.'

"There, Spencer, he is almost close enough to let him pass that tree-top, then

But the gallant fellow did not pass "that tree-top" with his horse; for the beast pulled for one side of a tree, and his rider pulled the rein to pass on the oppositside! And, "losing his head," the rider parted company with his horse, fearing that he would be dashed against the tree, and preparing to fall upon the ground!

Instantly, the dismounted trooper regained his feet, and, hiding behind a tree, exclaimed: "Gosh ding! Hemiries, please catch my mare!"

A roar of laughter greeted the luckless rider, and the race was ended. We had been running from one of those "imported scouting parties" for the last three miles, each party believing firmly that the whole Sixth Kentucky Cavalry had been detailed specially to run it to earth, and that the Southern Confederacy would certainly collapse it deprived of its valuable

services! Poor Randall, who would have outstripped us in the race but for dissolving partnership with his mare (a grand-daughter of Bonnie Scotland), has gone the long read, which we trust he has found paved with gold and shadowed by the wild rose. May he rest in peace.

From parties residing near the scene of our encounter with the Federals we learned that pursuit was kept up but a short dis-

And we learned from the "foreigners" that "we had crossed Big Harpeth and gone down through the field to near John Armstrong's, when we heard firing and thought it best to travel! When we got almost to the ford we heard the enemy on our left flank, and strained every nerve to beat him

"But you can not well imagine our consternation on discovering that the enemy had passed to our rear-as we thought then -had divided his force, attempting to cut us off with one party and drive us to destruction with another!"

When this little incident was made known at headquarters we were twitted no little; nor did we hear the last, for many a long day, of our attempt to jump across Big But the effect was wholesome in its re-

sults, as orders were issued prohibiting the formation of scouting parties except under the guidance of an officer detailed for this

Mamie's Cablegram.

A Hartford man, whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting him know of her safe arrival in New York. In a few hours he received the following message, "collect:"

"DEAR GEORGE-Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 0, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while en route. Had a perfectly levely trip. Don't worry about me, I'll get along all right. And take good care of vourself. Be so careful about taking cold this damp weather. Remember you are to keep on your flannels until the 15th of June. Pe sure and have the house open and aired from her husband. as often as once a week. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Don't forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day, I'm sure I'll have a lovely time. So good in you to let me go. You must come over after me in August. Forever and ever and ever yours,

An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following reply to her "word or two:"

"Don't cable anything from Liverpool. I'm a ruined man if you do. "GEORGE."

Boston papers think that Poston is the proper place from which to sail for at leaving is apt to be less poignant .- | ing various sums of money to persons

BULLOCK-DRIVING IN INDIA.

simply a broad platform on very high

Methods of the Hindoo When Urging His Lazy Reasts-Plenty of Abuse. The bandy, a cart drawn by two small white bullocks, is the common means of conveyance in India. It is

wheels covered with mats to keep off the rain and sun from the traveler. The driver sits astride the cart tongue, within easy reach of his bullock's hind-quarters. The speed and endurance of the little raft animals, says Youth's Companion, enables them to make three miles and a quarter an hour for several hours at a stretch. The driver keeps them going by a complicated system of ejaculations, slappings, tail-twistings, toepokings, goadings, and lashing.

An American, about to hire a London cab, hesitated on seeing a raw spot on the horse's shoulder. 'Why, bless your 'art, sir, I keeps that 'raw' for hextra times. If a gent's

in a wery great 'urry, and will stand a

hextra shillin', I touches the 'orse on that 'raw,' and haway 'e goes sir." The Hindoo bandy-driver has his last resort. When the bandy is stuck in the mud he brings it out by biting his bullock's tail. A bullock has no idea of what he can do until he is

bitten. The driver talks to his bullocks a great deal. When they do well he praises them; when they are lazy he abuses their female relatives, especially their mothers and sisters. The following translation of a driver's address to his bullocks gives the drift of his verbal method of speeding them:

"You, Punniah (the animal's name), you a bullock? Not you. Your father must have been a donkey and your mother a pig; no respectable cow would own so lazy a son.

"As to you, Moreeah, I believe your father was a Feringhee (white foreigner) and your mother a Pariah (lowest caste). "You are the most abominable of all

brutes, and how you came to have horns and a tail is a mystery to me. "Some fine day I shall saw off your horns and sell them, and instead of coloring your long tail with goolal I shall cut it off and sell it to some raseally Inglish dragoon to stick to his helmet and bring him bad luck, for he is sure to be killed in the first battle

he goes in afterward. "I wish they were all killed; but never mind, they soon will be, and then won't we have jolly times? "Ah, now you behave something like

respectable animals! That's the way to get over the ground. "You, Punniah, are my father and mother, and you, Moreeah, all the rest

of my relations except my wife. "I'll give you both a fine feed of sugar-cane tops when we come to any; but not if you are lazy-tock-tock! tor-

rr-ee-ee-ooh-ah!" Crabbed Husbands.

One often reads or hears it said, writes Clara de Vere in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, that the peace and happiness of the household depend upon the wife or mother. The assertion is not strictly true. As the mother is or should be with her children more, her influence is greater than any one's else; but does not the father's daily example sometimes counteract that influence? Children, says the Golden Rule, are close observers, and are apt imitators of their elders. Should the father be addicted to the habit of fault-finding, especially in regard to the food set before him at meal-time, and the weary, discouraged wife-in the vain attempt to defend her reputation as cook-arouses his ire by making excuses, then the children of the family will be listeners to an angry tirade, or, what is worse, a quarrel, if the mother has not complete control of her temper; and, of course, they will be apt to follow the example set before them, and discord will reign in the family. This is not an attractive picture of home life, yet in some families such a scene is enacted almost every day. Men often mar the happiness of wives and children by faultfinding, and surely they add nothing to their own peace of mind by indulging in it. It is just as much the husband's duty to sit down to the table with a cheerful, sunshiny face, and make the best of the food set before him, as it is the wife's duty to keep the

house in order and prepare the meals regularly. Woman's efforts to please in the matter of cooking are rarely appreciated, or, if so, she hears no word of commendation. Men do not seem to realize how much a wom n's heart hungers for words of praise from her husband's lips. If she prepares some dainty dish to tempt his appetite he is too careless to note how eagerly she waits to know if he likes it. Appreciation is one of the best incentives the world affords. After the labors incident to the preparation of a meal, how it seems to rest a wife to hear her husband say, "How nice and light your biscults are," or, "Wife, this meat is cooked to suit my taste," or other words of commendation. A few words

of approval repay her for her trouble. Just try this for once, careless husband, and see if your wife's face doesn't light up and all traces of weariness disappear on the instant. O, think of the many things you can do to brighten her life. A little appreciation by one she loves goes a good way toward making a woman happy. Many a weary wife drags out her life unappreciated, scarcely finding a word of sympathy

He has careful words for the stranger, And smiles for the sometimes guest, But oft for his own the bitter tone, Though he loves his own the best, That such a man's home is unhappy is mainly his own fault.

Losing an Umbrella.

A New York man, after reading an account of an elevated railroad sale of 1,700 lost umbrellas, told a story illustrating the fact that the ease with which an umbrella may be lost depends very much upon the character of the property. A friend gave him, during a rain-storm in his travels, an old umbrella to throw away when it had served its temporary purpose. After Europe. We think so. One's sorrow numerous attempts to lose it, and pay-

returning it to him, he venturned one

dark night to launch it from the side of a ferryboat. A deck hand saw him sneaking to the rear of the vessel and return with a guilty countenance. Next morning a male infant, done up in brown paper, was found in the river, and our umbrella adventurer read in an evening paper that the deck hand thought he could identify, the next time he saw him, the man who dropped the innocent into the water.

Gambling.

Keno is a popular game simply because it is so rapid and so cheap. At ten cents a chance almost any one can play. Keno is just the game for youth, and the practical gambler despises such small business; besides this, he can see with half an eye that the chances are usually heavy against the player. Thus if in fare the bank has six out of ten, in keno it has seven or eight. It may be readily seen that keno holes will abound in a great city, and in some localities they may be found side by side in great array. Among the devotees of keno are often found students from the country who have come to attend lectures. are in some cases supported by the self-denying economy of parents and even sisters, and could the latter behold the object of their affection squandering his money at the keno table, how great would be the agony! It is well that so painful a spectacle is spared them. As for faro, the term is an abbreviation of Pharaoh, whose face was formerly on one of the cards. The leading player is called the "punter," and this is suggested by Pope's lines: Wretch that I am, how often have I swore

When Winnell tallied I would punt no more I know the bast, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I can not shun.

Speaking of the times of Pope, I recently opened an old volume of the Gentleman's Magazine and read the following description of the game as it was once played a century and a half

"First, an operator who deals the cards for the purpose of cheating; also two crowpers (croupier) who watch the cards and gather the money for the bank. Then there are two "puffs," who have money given them to play with and thus decoy others to try; also a bully, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish at losing his money. Then there is the watchman who walks up and down and alarms the house on

the approach of a constable." Such is the brief statement of gaming in London in the days of Pope. Hogarth gives a very powerful scene in a gaming house, being a part of the "lake's Progess." How many rakes have been ruined since then is beyond all calculation.

Cards are supposed to be of Asiatic origin. Chinese cards have three suits, each of nine cards. It is supposed that they were introduced into Europe by Arabs and Saracens before the thirteenth century. The first historic reference is found in Augsburg, whose at cards. The most eminent card manfacturer in France in the sixteenth century was Vato, and soon afterward the business was established in England. It is said that the marks in the suits of cards were intended to represent four classes in society-hearts representing the clergy, spades (from spada, a sword) the nobility, diamonds the citizens, and clubs the serfs. There ought to be one more especially to represent the dupes. The most famous of London gamblers was Crockford, whose "hell" sometimes witnessed the exchange of half a million sterling in one night. Byron says that he was asked by an acquaintance where he, the latter, would be found af er death. The poet promptly replied in 'silver hell,' which was a popular gaming resort of that day. Byron says he narrowly escaped a challenge for his keen retort.-Hartford Post.

Counsel for the Snake. The relations between counsel and client in England are conducted on a cash basis. A barrister receives his fee when the brief which is to guide him in the trial of the case is handed to him. It was said of an able lawyer who practiced at the New York bar fifty years ago that he was always seized with a violent fit of coughing while a client was stating his case. If, however, the client dropped the retaining fee into the counsel's fidgety left

hand the spasm instantly subsided. Lawyers sometimes resort to strange devices in order to avoid taking cases where the compensation offered is not as great as they think it should be. A San Francisco lawyer once found himself in a mining town, where his dissipation left him without money to pay his bills or to get away. One morning a man came to the landlord of the hotel where the lawyer was a guest, and said

he needed a first-rate lawyer. The host said that a celebrated San Francisco lawyer was staying there, and showed the prospective client up stairs to his room. The lawyer was still in bed, but he listened with pleasure to the man's story, thinking that a fat retainer would set him again on his

The case was this: A ne ghbor had a pet ratt esnake which had escaped from its cage and bitten the complainant's horse. The horse died in consequence of the bite. The owner wanted to prosecute for damages, and desired to employ a first-class lawyer to bring

"How much, sir, was the horse worth?" asked the lawver, wishing to name a fee which should be in proportion to the amount claimed.

"Five dollars," replied the man. "I am very sorry that I can't serve you," said the lawyer; "I am retained for the snake," and he turned over in the bed, a disgusted man .- Youth's Companion.

EVERY action, every thought, every feeling, contributes to the education of the temper, the habits, and understand ing, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future

How to make a Maltese Cross-By stepping on its tail. - Judge.

life.

stand us in great stead. - Atterbury.

HUMOR.

A REMARK-ABLE object-A phonograph.

ALL birds have something of an airy manner.

An old-time play Bill-William Shakspeare.

"A Jos lot," remarked a jocular man who had three boils. HANGING is too good for a painting

that is badly executed. Morro for a hair restorer-"There's

always room at the top." STRIKING figures-The Roman characters on the dial of a clock.

THE only reason some men don't follow the plow is because it isn't a woman. -Texas Siftings.

SILENCE is golden, but a woman is perfectly willing to take somebody else's word for it. A WOMAN is never so anxious to ac-

knowledge man's superiority as when

her lead pencil gets dull. ABOUT the only time woman sees any beautiful member of her sex is when

she is looking in a mirror. It is often unsafe for the people who speak of the title of their ancestry to refer to the ancestry of their title.

WHAT is the use of pardoning a man out of the penitentiary, when if he were out he wouldn't need any pardon? THE moralist calls money "woe :

"It's gain should be restricted;" He may be right, but some we know Would like to be afflicted, Texas Siftings. WHEN you see a man doubled over the

over the back of a chair, with a wild look in his eye, and his hair standing up the wrong way, don't think he is drunk, but ask him if there are any more green cucumbers where he got those he is struggling with. - Newman Independent,

A Georgia lawyer complains that anybody who owns a copy of the Georgia Code and can borrow six dollars, can gain admission to the bar of that State. The practice in Dakota is even more simple. Proof of a man's ability to sit with his feet upon a desk for ten hours and money enough to treat the examining committee lets him in. - Da-

A CHICAGO man visiting Cincinnati was being shown around by a citizen, who said: "Now, let's go and see the Widows' Home." The Chicago man put his finger to the side of his nose and winked, and then said: "Not much, Mary Ann; I saw a widow home once, and she sued me for breach of promise and proved it on me, and it cost me sixteen thousand dollars. No, sir; send the widows home in a hack."-Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

A RESIDENT of the rural districts was visiting Boston for the purpose of seeing the sights. The noon hour found him on Tremont row, gazing into the shop windows as he leisurely passed records give the fact that in 1275 King along. It was approaching the time Rudolph amused himself with a game | for the regular noon prayer meeting in the room used for that purpose by the Young Men's Christian Association. and as usual a member of that excellent body was upon the sidewalk, inviting passers-by to enter and participate in the services. As the countryman came up and halted by the door the young man tapped him upon the shoulder and said: "Step right upstairs, my friend; you will find a cor-dial welcome." "No, you don't," says Mr. Rusticus; "yer can't play any of yer confidence games on me. I've hearn tell too much about you fellars to be caught before bein' in the city two hours." - Boston Budget.

Marvelous Strength.

It is always good to know of a hero that he can boast physical, as well as mental or moral, perfection. Gari-baldi was a man fitted to stand beside Achilles, and hurl the spear in true Homeric fashion, a power which always adds to a leader's authority. An

admirer says of his athletic powers: His triceps, or shoulder muscles, were enormous. They were just like two half cocoanuts sticking up beneath his mantle. And the saber he used! Two of the Life Guards' blades, forged into one, would just have made it.

Many a time have I seen that awful saber sweeping right, left, like clockwork, as he moved down the enemy, seated on his old white charger, and leaving a lane for those who followed him closely. "Avanti! avanti!" rang from his

lips all the while, and his trumpet

voice rose high above the loudest ar-

tillery fire. His strength was simply Herculean. Late one night he was passing on foot, with only one attendant, through an unlighted and dangerous part of Naples, swarming with lazzaroni in the pay of Francis II. Suddenly from either side two men sprang simultaneously at him, knife in hand. Before their blades, raised to strike, could fall, Gar baldi had each by the throat, raised high in air to the full extent of

his arms. He then knocked them together two or three times, and let them fall on the stones, saying only, "The poor fools have had their lesson."

There's Many a Slip.

"I once lent a fellow \$100 when I was well off," said a friend to me a few days ago, "and he never paid me back. Well, I am not as rich now as I was then, and it pleased me a week or two ago to meet a man from the same district where my debtor lives. 'How is Jones getting on? I asked him. 'Splendidly, splendidly!' he said. 'I am glad to hear it,' said I. 'Yes, Jones is making money; doing well. He's making \$500 an acre off canary seed.' 'You don't tell me!' I said. It occurred to me that it would not be a bad time to tackle Jones for that \$100 he owed me. So I wrote to Jones and congratulated him, and asked him incidentally if it would be convenient, etc. I felt quite sure of getting it and ordered a suit of clothes on the strength of it. I got a letter from Jones. There wasn't any remittance in it. He said it was very true he would be making \$500 an acre off canary seed if he had an acre, but he only had twenty square feet and "THE smallest act of charity shall that was about as much as he could do with."-San Francisco Chronicle.